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PUNISHER WAR JOURNAL ENTRY. SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

TWO DOZEN RUSSIAN MAFIOSO ARE STINKING UP A WAREHOUSE.

GOOD NEWS, RIGHT?

JUST ONE LITTLE PROBLEM.

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I'M NOT THE ONE WHO KILLED THEM.

I PLANNED TO. BUT I GOT HERE TOO LATE.

QUESTION IS, WHO'S GOT THE STONES TO WIPE OUT SO MANY OF THE CHUROSKI VORY?

WHO BESIDES ME, THAT IS.

CHUCK DIXON STORY ED BARRETO PENCILS KLAUS JANSON INKS
AVALON STUDIOS COLORS RICHARD STARKINGS & COMICRAFT'S TROY PETERI LETTERS
JOE QUESADA EDITORS NANCI DAKESIAN MANAGING EDITOR BOB HARRAS CHIEF

The BURROWERS

A STAN LEE PRESENTATION

THEY PUT UP A FIGHT.

LOOKS LIKE A COUPLE THOUSAND ROUNDS WENT OFF IN HERE.

BUT NONE OF THE STIFFS HAVE GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

THEY ALL LOOK LIKE THEY HAD TRUCKS DROPPED ON THEM.

THEN THERE'S THE HOLE IN THE FLOOR.

SMELL COMING FROM IT LIKE CABBAGE BOILED IN STALE BEER.

THE 'D' TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE.

WHOEVER KAKKED THE RUSSKIES CAME OUT OF THIS HOLE.

DUG RIGHT UP UNDER THEIR BRUNO MAGLIS.

IT'S A MYSTERY. I HATE MYSTERIES.

BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO LOVES THEM.

BUT I KNOW SOMETIMES EVEN I NEED BACK-UP. AND I KNOW WHICH NEIGHBORHOOD HE HANGS IN.

I DON'T NEED EYESIGHT TO FIGURE THIS GUY OUT.

HIS HEART RATE IS ONE-TWENTY.

-:PANT -- PANT:-

STAY AWAY FROM ME, MAN!

I CAN SMELL HIS FEAR.

YOU KNOW I CAN'T DO THAT, DEUCE.

JUST LIKE YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SKATE AFTER KILLING THAT STORE CLERK.

BACK OFF!

I HEAR THE TRIGGER SPRING TIGHTEN BEFORE THE SHOT.

KRAK KRAK KRAK

I MEAN IT, DEVIL!

HIS HEART RACES LIKE A RUNAWAY FREIGHT.

NEXT ONE GOES RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR *HORNS*, DEVIL!

I AM NOT GOING BACK TO --

AGHK!

IT MASKS THE SECOND, SLOWER HEART BEATING HERE.

BLAM BLAM

BET THAT HURTS. LOT OF NERVE ENDINGS GATHER AT THE KNEECAPS.

GAH! GAAH!

YEAH, KNEES ARE A B--

HAVEN'T YOU HAD *ENOUGH* OF ME, CASTLE?

THOUGHT I WAS DOING YOU A FAVOR.

BY NOT *KILLING* HIM.

BY BLOWING OUT THIS POOR GUY'S *KNEES*?

THANKS SO MUCH.

YOU HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND.

YOU HANG WITH THE FANTASTIC FOUR AND THE AVENGERS AND GUYS LIKE THAT.

I'M NOT EXACTLY *WELCOME* IN THOSE CIRCLES.

FOR GOOD *REASON.*

SOMEONE'S TAKING DOWN THE RUSSIAN MOB OVER IN BROOKLYN.

OR MAYBE IT'S *SOMETHING.*

A DOCTOR... GET ME TO A DOCTOR...

I KNOW WHEN I'M OUT OF MY LEAGUE. I RESTRICT MY CRUSADE TO *HUMANS.*

MAYBE SOME OF YOUR *SUPER* PALS WOULD BE INTERESTED.

JUST BEING A GOOD *CITIZEN?*

JUST BRINGING ENOUGH *FORCE* TO THE PROBLEM.

...OR A HOSPITAL...

SO WHAT DO WE DO *NOW?*

I LEAVE AND YOU WHISTLE UP IRON MAN OR CAPTAIN AMERICA OR SOMEONE LIKE THAT.

AND WHY SHOULD I *LET* YOU LEAVE?

BECAUSE I COULD ALWAYS TAKE MY FAVOR BACK

HE WON'T FOLLOW ME.

THE CHOIRBOY ACTUALLY CARES ABOUT LICE LIKE THAT.

THAT'S WHY HE'LL NEVER MAKE A DIFFERENCE ON THESE STREETS.

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW.

WE'LL GET YOU TO AN *ER.*

YOU SAY IT HAS BEEN TOO LONG SINCE YOUR LAST CONFESSION

FAR TOO LONG, FATHER

I'M NOT SURE WHERE TO BEGIN

BEGIN WITH THE *LEAST* OF YOUR SINS

AREN'T ALL SINS *EQUAL?*

DOESN'T EACH *ONE* OF THEM CONDEMN US TO THE SAME FATE?

"IS THERE REALLY A *DEGREE* TO SIN, FATHER?"

AM I *EXCUSED* BECAUSE THE SINS I COMMITTED WERE IN THE CAUSE OF GOOD?

CAN HE SEE THAT THE *DEED* IS SOMETIMES ISOLATED FROM THE SOUL?

"DOES GOD SOMETIMES LOOK AWAY?"

UH?

OUTTA THE *CLOSET*, OLD MAN!

HEE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT? THIS IS A *CHURCH*.

CHURCHES GOT *MONEY*. AND *NO* SECURITY HASSLES

WE *NEED* MONEY PONY UP, PADRE

YOU BOYS LIKE TO PLAY IT *SAFE*, EH?

WHOA

MAYBE AN UNARMED WOMAN IS EVEN *MORE* YOUR SPEED

AGHK!

UNNNH!

YOU...

UHK!

THANKS FOR THE HELP. AND YOU ARE . ?

CALL ME DAGGER.

I CAME IN HERE LOOKING FOR A FRIEND...

AND YOU FOUND ONE. MY NAME IS NATASHA.

NO, I MEANT A FRIEND OF MINE. SOMEONE I KNEW.

I HEARD A GUNSHOT. BUT I GUESS YOU HANDLED IT

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD, AREN'T YOU --

-- DAREDEVIL?

WHAT BRINGS YOU TO LITTLE ODESSA?

WHAT CAN I SAY? I LIKE A GOOD BLINI.

I'D BETTER GO

NO. STAY.

DAGGER HERE SAVED MY LIFE. BUT I'M NOT SURE HOW.

YOU SAID YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.

A BOY WE SOMETIMES WENT TO CHURCHES. WE FELT SAFE THERE.

I'M AFRAID SOMETHING HAPPENED TO TYRONE THERE'S THINGS HE CAN'T CONTROL AND..

IS IT DRUGS? 'S HE ADDICTED?

MORE LIKE POSSESSED

YOU STAY WITH *US*, DAGGER WE'LL HELP YOU FIND YOUR FRIEND

WHAT *DO* SPIES DO IN THESE POST COLD WAR DAYS, NATASHA? YOU STILL KEEP *TABS* ON THE RUSSIAN MOB?

THE *VORY*? THEY'RE A CROSS I BEAR FROM THE OLD COUNTRY I *HEAR* THINGS.

LOTS OF THE *CHUROSKIS* WERE KILLED A FEW NIGHTS AGO NO ONE WILL *MISS* THEM. EX-*KGB* SCUM

I UNDERSTAND IT WAS A *MOB* HIT

IT MAY HAVE BEEN *MORE* THAN THAT

WANT TO CHECK IT *OUT* WITH ME?

LIKE OLD TIMES.

JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, TASHA

WHAT ABOUT THESE BOYS?

CALL *NINE ONE-ONE*, FATHER.

I'LL MAKE MY ACT OF CONTRITION *ANOTHER* TIME FATHER.

NO *NEED*, MY CHILD..

.. WHATEVER YOUR *SINS*...

..THEY ARE FORGIVEN *NOW*.

YOU SAID MORE THAN A MOB HIT

IT COULD BE SOMETHING EXTRA-NORMAL

AND YOUR SOURCE FOR THIS?

I'D RATHER NOT SAY. LET'S JUST HEAD OVER THERE

NICE WHEELS. SHIELD ISSUE?

ONLY THE BEST FROM UNCLE NICK.

ANY SPECIAL OPT ONS? ROCKET? LASERS?

A KILLER STEREO.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE COLOR?

FUNNY

DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD TAKE ON THE JADE DRAGON MA UNARMED AND ALONE?

OR DID YOU EXPECT US ALL TO SURRENDER JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST MARTIAL ARTS MASTER --

-- SHANG-CHI.

THERE IS NO NEED TO SHED BLOOD.

ALLOW THE GIRL TO LEAVE AND IT ENDS HERE, JIMMY LO.

SO. YOU HAVE DECIDED.

UNH!

GAH!

IT IS TO BE COMBAT.

NOT COMBAT; AN *EXECUTION*. WHAT GOOD ARE YOUR SKILLS AGAINST *BULLETS*?

YOU'VE *TAKEN* WHAT IS MINE

THE GIRL DOES NOT *BELONG* TO YOU, JIMMY SHE IS --

WHAT'S *THIS*? AN *EARTHQUAKE*?

UNNH!

WHAT *ARE* THEY, BOSS?

WHO *CARES*? PUMP *BULLETS* INTO THEM!

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

THEY -- THEY'RE HORRIBLE!

I AM HERE TO DEFEND YOU, LAN. I WILL SEE YOU RETURNED SAFE TO YOUR FAM --

UNNNH!

NO!

NOOOOOOO

THE CHUROSKS HAVE MANY STOREHOUSES LIKE THIS

FILLED WITH KNOCK-OFFS AND SMUGGLED GOODS.

WHAT'S THAT SMELL? LIKE A BARN.

ONLY WORSE.

I DON'T NEED YOUR KEEN SENSES TO SMELL THAT STINK.

SO MUCH DEATH

AND THIS IS WHERE IT COMES FROM.

WHAT KIND OF ANIMAL SMELLS LIKE THAT?

IT'S BLOOD

AND SOMETHING ELSE...

WE'RE OUT OF OUR DEPTH

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE CALLED REED RICHARDS

HUH?

NOTHING

THE HOLE IS DEEP. IT SWALLOWS ALL LIGHT

THIS LEADS TO DARKNESS.

A DARKNESS THAT IS MORE THAN THE ABSENCE OF LIGHT

EXCUSE THE PLAY ON WORDS

BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS

I'M DISAPPOINTED IN THE CHOIRBOY.

HE DIDN'T BRING OUT THE WORLD CLASS SUPERCREEPS.

TWO FEMALES AND A BLIND GUY

LOOKS LIKE I'LL STILL BE DOING ALL THE HEAVY LIFTING

YOU *WILL* REVEAL ALL BEFORE YOU *DIE*, THIEF!

I -- I'M NOT A THIEF -- I'M A *BUSINESS* MAN.

LIES.

AT THE ISLAND OF MAETAWA, THE THING I SEEK WILL BE IN THE HANDS OF THIEVES.

THE WITCHES OF THE NORN WHISPERED THUS TO ME.

HERE, IN THE SAGAS OF OLD -- THE RAGNAHORN. THE LEFT HORN OF AUOHUMLA.

IT IS HERE, MORTAL.

I DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE *TALKIN'* ABOUT!

IT'S CRAZY TALK -- I DON'T *KNOW* NOTHING FROM HORNS --

MY PATIENCE GROWS SHORT. AND WITH IT YOUR *LIFE.*

NO...

IT IS THIS HORN THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO VISIT UPON *ASGARD* MY *REVENGE!*

IT IS THIS HORN THAT WILL MAKE *ALL* THE WORLDS *MINE!*

SHOULD THIS CITY RUN *RED* WITH RIVERS OF *BLOOD* --

-- *ULIK* WILL NOT BE DENIED!

TO BE CONTINUED!

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